

BEECHER.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1876.  
THE WOODHULLS' VICTORY.  
The trial of the Beecher case, which has been the subject of so much public interest, was continued this morning at 10 o'clock, by the testimony of Mrs. Woodhull, who was called by the prosecution to testify to the facts of the case as they were known to her at the time of the trial.

She was first asked by the prosecution to state whether or not she was acquainted with Mr. Beecher at the time of the trial. She answered that she was. She was then asked to state whether or not she was acquainted with Mr. Beecher at the time of the trial. She answered that she was.

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## HUMOR

itch all along the inside of his fence. The  
itch is about 19 inches wide by about  
2 inches deep and placed about

... because of a c

are placed boxes whose top is on a level with the bottom of the ditch, and each box is partly filled with strong lime-water. The grasshoppers are then driven into the boxes, and, instead, they fall into it. Mr. Rivard says that where any succeed in crossing, they always return and jump back into the ditch when they are driven out. The grasshoppers are once in the ditch he drives them into the boxes of lime-water, and they are instantly killed. Mr. Rivard says he tried the same plan several years ago, and it succeeded to such an extent, that he had no more to do with it. He says his neighboring farmers, who laughed at him, had everything destroyed.

**Grasshopper Plague.**

There is nothing in the world that is attracting much attention among farmers at this time as the subject of the grasshoppers, and anything can be suggested to alleviate the plague we

and things now?  
do I find things

the "Dutch Johnny," has struck it at last, and we lay his discovery before our readers. His method is to erect a wide platform upon wheels, on which are placed a row of Babcock fire engines. As the machine is hauled over the road jets of the gas are thrown in a line upon the road in front, which has the effect of giving the hoppers space, so that by using a sort of a "gas-blower" the engine can pass the row of the machine operated by the same power. The stumped hoppers can be gathered into a rough extending the whole breadth of the machine. Johnny has one machine in full operation, and computes that he can gather an aver-

gl'd. bearing

**WOMAN.**

The Barotzas, that group who married a girl for money, having fallen in love with her beautiful complexion, says now that it was a "skin game."

Strawberries have appeared at the refreshment stand and for a while young men with light skin will be cautious how they invite the girls to eat.

Mr. Kent, of Springfield, declined to allow his daughters to take part in a spelling-match because of the publicity and says that kindly words would be given out.

These are the nights for star-gazing with your telescope, even if you are just baby brushing away from her lips the dew of the night.

It is not so much the dew of the night, but to get it from getting into her throat and giving it to the diaphanous.

Lavinia remarks that most any woman can do it, but she is a great cat, but not one in a hundred can descend from the back end of a

a humorous ne-  
ese days.

"You wickedly possum," said a despairing girl who had grown lovelier to a coquettish girl whom he had loved long enough to marry. His burst of grief was cut short by her, and putting one over her hand she softly murmured, "Well ring my finger, if you will be the happier for it; I will vex you no longer."

A girl out West ate seven pounds of heavy baking-powder, in order that she might dream of her future husband. She dreamed that a man took his teeth a foot long, dog's feet, and a hair-up on her all night; and rather than marry him, she contemplates suicide and an early tomb, where the bobolinks sing.

In Boston the other day a vain young fellow

ried my burdens t

He understood it afterwards when he heard the marketman say that early pears looked nice, but were very insipid.

A gentleman was endeavoring to enjoy an evening in the company of a young lady upon whom he called, but found a serious obstacle in the person of a stern father, who at length very unjustly estimated that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear sir," turned the unbalanced young man. "We have been waiting to have you go to bed for over an hour."

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"O gracious, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat Mrs. Quogris, raising her hands and speaking a very excited tone. "She was so ill when our new-born came home that she couldn't sit up; but, dear sakes! Jane, that didn't matter, for she didn't put her feet on and lay this side of the window the whole afternoon."

A Western editor exclaimed: "Boston needsn't attempt to sell any of her 'shirt-booms, waist-covers, or rumples' in this localitiy. Not

said the secou

and breast—all these **DIRTY PASS AWAY** in a moment, but the rumpled, shirly-bosom remains with you as a present reminder of pass-ay."

As they entered a dry-goods store yesterday afternoon would have said that love dwelt in both hearts, and that a dove of peace roosted on every shingle on the roof of their shiding-place. "I saw a lovely dress, and I begged him to buy it," she replied. "I said, 'dear, not here, next week.' " "Can't you, dear?" she smiled. "Well, I will wait." They had hardly closed the door before he said: "I'd like to buy myself getting; that dress!" And she answered: "You couldn't buy one side of it, and

of his sheep, a  
one. In dismay

**WAITING.**

Waiting! For what? Shall I ever know?  
I shall the new year cross drearily by  
Till my death-day comes; shall I never know why  
I was born, and must live out my life of woe?

The whole of my lifetime merely a pause  
Twixt my birth that was, and my death to be?  
Must I always follow, and never be free?  
Is my only effect? Can I leave no trace?

Am I but a link of the weariful chain  
Of life, and the sequence of things goes by?  
Am I forced to live, for I cannot die,  
My life is empty and all in vain.

became audible.  
?" he said. "

"Strike! 'Tis the time!" But in answer,  
 "All I ever know who?—whippers!—'Silence!  
 Wall!'"

cannot be Hope, for her voice is weak;  
 it is not Despair, for I know her would  
 it like the constant drone of a knell,  
 it wears the heart with monotonous beat.

All another voice ever whisper to me:  
 Answer! 'Tis the hour: Go forward and fight!  
 My probation is ended, and imminent night  
 bursts into day!"—So shall we and me free?

Now not, I know not; this only I dread,  
 that, ere that voice shall proclaim that hour,  
 or only the voice may be lost, but the power,

deep and dogged  
out to sell at t

**THE TABLEAU VIVANT.**

She came to the dishevelled guise  
Of Lærtia's long-haired daughter; and  
Sullen aspect of sureriate eyes  
Lent Oriental pomp to her locks;  
The Median shawl lay bare on  
Flashed late from their anagnone **serena**.

The startled smile graciously told  
How plainly our homage was shown; and  
The Phidian face glimmered cold,  
The face of a prodigal in street;  
More regal with beauty than she,  
She needed no sceptre nor throne.

...golden pieces  
...of all your lo

To cheer men her galleys plowed,  
And longed for the thrall-dom to last,  
On my knees in a kneeling crowd.

And, darest, I shouted that well  
Might Roman with African strive,  
And, striving, plunge blindly to hell,  
And still grapple her way and live,  
For Queen's blood was a spell—  
For the fairest woman alive.

*K. De Forest, in the Guiany.*

**A Child Mother.**  
*Duluth (Min.) Herald.*

Little Russell, who, a little over a month ago,  
was killed by a runaway horse, has recovered his  
usual good health and spirits, and is now

Leavenworth, on  
way of dispos

Her infant child is taken to the prison two  
three times a week, and spends some hours  
each visit. Hattie is extremely fond of it,  
naturally enough, evincing signs of depres-  
sion when it leaves her. Hattie is probably the  
youngest mother in Minnesota, being but 15  
years old on the 1st of this month, while her  
child is about 13 months of age.



